Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late
footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whoſe hands you haue ſent the lunatick King ſpeake?

Gloſt. I haue a letter geſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King? *Gloſt.* To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer? waſt thou not charg'd at perill...

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him firſt anſwere that.

Gloſt. I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer ſir?

Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh raſh boriſh phangs,
The Sea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lou'd head
In hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue layd vp
And quencht the ſteeled fires; yet poore old heart,
Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the key:
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd; but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.

Corn. See ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon thoſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.

Gloſt. He that will thinke to liue till he be old
Giue me ſome helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!

Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance---

Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord
I haue ſeru'd euer ſince I was a child (you hold.
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you, thē now to bid

Reg. How now you dogge!

Seru. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e ſhake it
on this quarrell, what doe you meane?

Corn. My villaine! *draw and fight.*

Seru. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thus. *Shee*

Shee takes a ſword and

Seruant. Oh I am ſlaine my Lo
ſee ſome miſchiefe on him, oh!

Corn. Leaſt it ſee more preuen
Where is thy luſter now?

Gloſt. All darke and comfortle
Edmund vnbridle all the ſparks of

Reg. Out villaine, thou calſt o
that made the ouerture of thy treat
pittie thee.

Gloſt. O my follies, then *Edga*
Kind Gods forgiue me that, and p

Reg. Goe thruſt him out at gate
Douer: how iſt my Lord? how lo

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt, fo
Turne out that eyles villaine, thro
The dungell *Regan*; I bleed apace,
Comes this hurt, giue me your ar

Seruant. Ile neuer care what w
If this man come to good.

2 *Seruant.* If ſhe liue long, &
of death, women will all turne m

1 *Ser.* Lets follow the old Ear
To lead him where he would, his
Allows it ſelfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch ſom
apply to his bleeding face; now he

Enter Edg

Edg. Yet better thus, and know
Then ſtill contemn'd and flattered
The loweſt and moſt deiected thi
Stands ſtill in experience, liues no
The lamentable change is from the
The worſt returnes to laughter;
Who's here, my father poorlie, lee
But that thy ſtrange mutations ma
Life would not yeeld to age.

Old man O my good Lord, I ha

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